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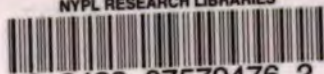
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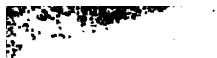
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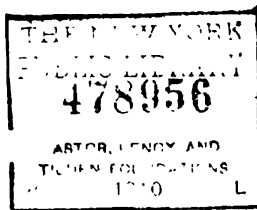
# *Infinity or Nature's God*

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By

*F. J. Duggan, M. D.*  
*Grand Forks, N. D.*

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*Dedicated to*  
**ARTHUR J. GILLETTE, M. D.**  
*Professor of Orthopedic Surgery in the Medical Department  
of the University of Minnesota*

EVERING TIMES, GRAND FORKS.

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## *The Author's Preface*

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The custom of prefixing an introductory explanation to a volume offered to the reading public, by logic and established usage has become obligatory on every author, it matters not how brief and insignificant his manuscript may be. Such preliminary synopsis has its analogy in every object in nature and is intended in some degree to enable the reader at a glance to divine the nature and character of the production before entering upon a more careful study of its contents. Such prospectus is the focus-point of the author's camera. The subject being of such a refined delicacy, however, every author naturally feels that he should be excused from writing a preface to his own production, nevertheless, as it is necessary that the obligation be discharged, I shall



briefly epitomize the scheme, leaving the reader to draw his or her own conclusion regarding the merits or demerits of the work. A prose composition, poetic in form and scientific in character, having for its title "Infinity, or Nature's Bod";—it is readily seen the immense possibilities attending such a work; however, as it was not written for remuneration, if the author succeeds in removing some of the ignorance existing in regard to some of the subjects discussed, and in leading the multitude to ameliorate some of the unnecessary suffering, and lessen degeneracy, he will feel amply repaid for the time expended.

On the 16th day of November, 1902, the author had the misfortune to sustain a fracture of the neck of the femur (thigh bone) and after experiencing intense suffering for about a week, he suddenly obtained some relief, and then as he, undisturbed, lay on his fracture-bed, his mind inverted to the matter which forms the subject of this manuscript. The contemplation of the beauty

and harmony of nature was so fascinating, that anxieties, troubles, and pain were forgotten,—a pleasant semi-conscious reverie took possession of his mind, which assumed more or less of a clair-voyant condition, and under the impulse of an irresistible influence, the message delivered was transferred to paper in the form in which it is presented. For four long months did he lie on this fracture-bed, daily visited by this strange muse, whose promptings made the task easy, and who must, most assuredly, be held responsible for the existence of the poem,—the author being simply the medium of transmission. After being pigeon-holed in his safe for six years, it is now offered to the public for perusal and criticism.

The following, written under the influence of the muse, will perhaps more clearly and concisely disclose the manner in which the manuscript was produced, than any prose description which the writer might offer:—

In the pursuit of information there is ever something leads  
And inspires our curiosity, Nature's hidden secrets read:  
Never suddenly, but by graded steps, she leads us to the light,—  
The beacon's glimmer, distant preface, closer seen is clear and  
bright;  
Slowly nearing, persevering, confiding hope controls our souls:  
"Lead kindly light," we follow closely while Thy signals we  
behold:  
Design, forbode, foreshadow truth! Let Thy tokens foreshow,—  
presage!  
We, submissive, as the current flows, entranced by Thy sweet  
message,  
Enroll us in Thy service,—faithful transcribe what Thou inspire;  
An author? No! We write what comes,—when not, we have no  
desire.

Through the entire theme, the evidence of the presence of God in nature is ever kept before the reader, and in the Cosmos, the attributes of beauty, harmony, beneficence, Infinity, and eternal adaptation are convincingly interpreted as emanations from the Divine Presence, and bestow a most calm and pleasant sensation upon the meditative mind.

The dead atom and the live ion are scrutinized and contrasted, and the absurdity of the assumption of the former demonstrated. The automatic endless motion of the universe is shewn to be dependent upon the action of electricity set free from ions at the moment of the formation of matter, and the simultaneous birth of attraction, by which all known bodies have been formed; the action of these two opposing forces maintaining the planetary equipoise of the universe. The tornado which occurred on Grand Forks on June 16, 1887, is used to illustrate the formation of material bodies (hail-stones, etc.) from electrical ions; while

the scene at Niagara Falls shows their formation and the ever present rain-fall attendant upon electric dissipation. Light, heat, motion, magnetism, chemic and biologic action are shewn to be accidental phenomena attending electric radiation.

Vice and its reciprocal relationship with degeneracy (moral and physical, acquired and inherited), and the intricate union of these with crime and poverty, will furnish food for thought to those interested in the welfare of the human family. While the views advocated in regard to divorce and insanity are somewhat at variance with accepted teaching, and may, at first, beget considerable criticism, nevertheless, as they are founded on data gathered during a lifetime of observation, and arrived at by analogical reasoning and experimentation, it is believed they will ultimately prevail, and be accepted by an intelligent public. Unconscious transformations, organic and inorganic, are illustrated through the ion, the mosquito, the tadpole, and the butter-

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fly; which transmigrations through the uniformity of Nature's laws, by analogy, are intended to be applicable to man, and the volume closes with an allusion to the limits of human reason and man's final destiny.

The author hopes that the public, having their attention drawn to the subjects treated of in this little volume, will find a remedy for the lessening of neuristhenia and degeneracy; and that Detention Hospitals may be established in every county in the land for the treatment of incipient insanity, by removing the causes in which it and many cases of marital incompatibility originate. An indexed table of contents will be found on an adjoining page.





## ERRATA

On 2nd page of Perface	"Bod"	should be	"God"
In 10th line of Verse 10	"Inanity"	" "	"Infinity"
" 4th " " " 15	"Morning"	" "	"Nothing"
" 1st " " " 16	"Slow"	" "	"How slow"
" 7th " " " 17	"Open"	" "	"Open book"
" 10th " " " 37	"Seal"	" "	"Seal"
" 8th " " " 41	"Life"	" "	"A life"
" 7 and 8th " " 45	"The"	" "	"Thy"
" 9th " " " 47	"Then"	" "	"Them"
" 7th " " " 50	"Keeping"	" "	"Keeping"
" 7th " " " 65	"With"	" "	"Will"
" 6th " " " 67	"Or"	" "	"By"
" 2nd " " " 115	"Many"	" "	"Manly"

Verses 1 to 11

Verses 11 to 20

Verses 20 to 27

Verses 27 to 30

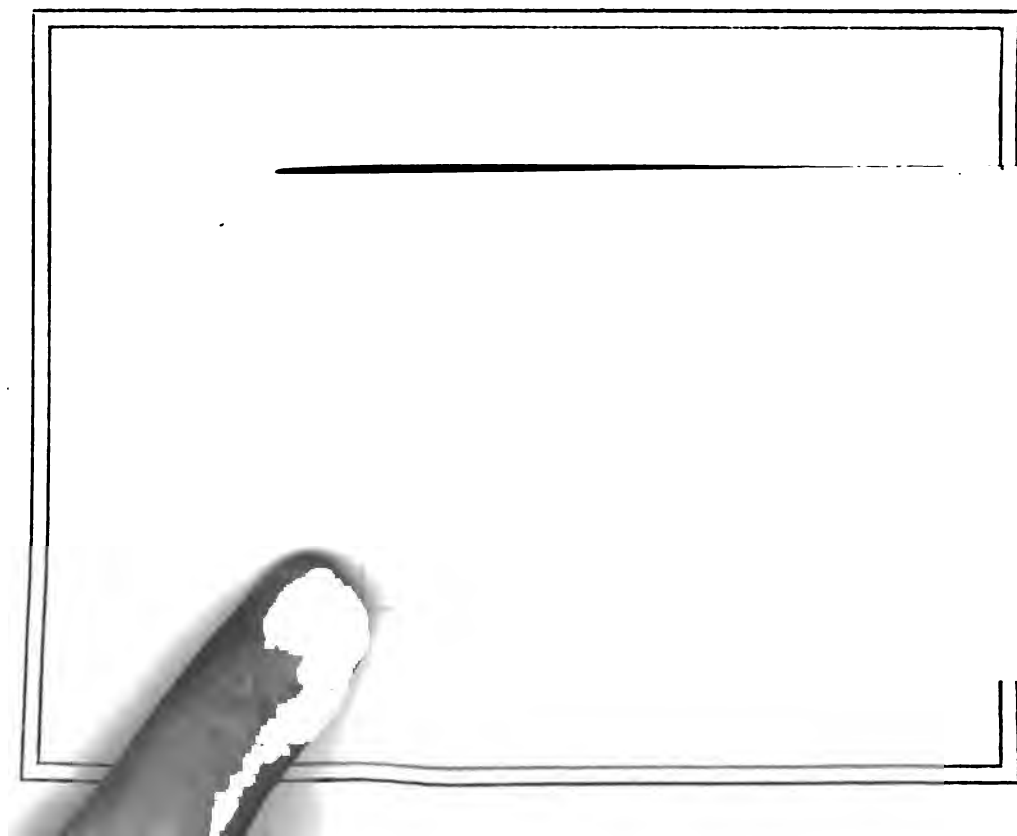
Verses 30 to 32

Verse 32

Verse 33

Verses 34 to 36





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Music of flowers,—through electric vibrations.....	Verse 33
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Imperishable matter! regulated balanced force!  
Twin conception, self-united, indicating clear their source!  
The ear-marks of infinity stand out in bold relief,  
A positive demonstration, a conviction, sure belief,  
Founded on the circle, without beginning, without end;  
On it ellipse, cone, and sphere,—all globular forms depend.  
As the point assumes the limit on finite matter placed,  
So the circle is the symbol of infinity in space:  
Geometric point and line nonentities fraternal,  
Imaginary, human-made,—the circle is eternal.

.. 9 Y N

VERSE 2

Infinite, eternal is the great celestial sphere!  
In admiring awe and wonderment, we contemplate, revere;  
We peer through space; we try to think; our visions lost in haze,  
Both optical and mental; though illumined well with rays  
Of electric light of myriad suns suspended free,—rotating;  
Ever onward moving, their own light—they're thus creating  
Without combustion or contraction,—(implying finite end):  
On their composition,—motion, all phenomena depend.  
All-sufficient energy, effective, never-resting,  
The disposition of the Infinite is ever manifesting.

The suns being most intensely charged stand farthest then apart,  
Immense dry batteries that they are, the force that they impart  
Vivifies the lesser spheres, confers both strength and grace,  
So they join the heavenly parade, rotate and move through space :-  
Rotate, because the proximal side being overcharged recedes ;  
The other portions thus receive the heat and light they need :  
Magnetized, and even-poised, the axis points the realm  
Of space, and never deflects (the pilot is at the helm) :—  
As magnets placed on pivots, regulate their own incline,  
So likewise magnetic planets,—arrangement most sublime.

Why has the sun, for all known time, furnished us heat and light?  
And why has the earth rotated, thus producing day and night?  
Why the axis point the realm with unvarying incline,  
Producing season after season each in its own due time?  
Why does the moon towards us ever turn self-same face?  
Faithful ever hover round our earth reflecting the sun's rays,  
When and where we need them most! There's destiny, and design,  
And eternal adaptation of Intelligence Benign:  
And supreme wisdom, and beneficence in all these laws,  
Indicating the Omniscience of "The First Great Cause";

VERSE 7

Why speak of a beginning from the science point of view?  
The evidence of all controverts, there was ever nothing new;  
“Ever was and is to be” describes the situation,—  
The technical terms, wrongly used, were for elucidation;  
For, man must ever reason from the known to the unknown;  
Judgment, based on all-sufficient data, brings conviction home.  
Who contemplates the unseen power, omnipotent, world-wide,  
Ever self-acting and adjusting, can refuse to decide:  
“The living force, attraction, ever was and is to be  
With mind and matter close united: Majestic Trinity!”

Omnipotent Triune! how well thy functions thou perform,  
With multiplicity of motions, and services, and forms  
Of elements, and molecules, and atoms, crystals, spheres,  
Gases, liquids, solids, and allotropic forms that endear  
Themselves by beauty, or excellence of utility,  
To observant man, who thus develops his ability  
In nature's sphere of infinite matter, force, and mind  
Unrolled before his vision: changing combinations, destined  
By omnipresent Intelligence,—vital, chemic change:  
Affinity with a purpose,—choice,—selection pre-arranged.



The elemental units, like the great infinity,  
By reason, by exclusion, are existing entities,  
Each a triune and essential to the other;—a gleam  
Of the impenetrable is manifested in the scheme  
By which has been revealed to man just what he needs to know,  
Of the Infinity above, and the atoms here below.  
The specific finite atom, migrating in its role  
Of inter-change, maintains the equilibrium of the whole;—  
Its location, and its markings to Infinity unfurled,  
Is a perfect presentation of the history of the world.

In every field should fancy lead, or vision chance to glower,  
The triune manifests itself in wisdom, life, and power :  
In chemic elements, obscure to sense of sight or light,  
The mysterious triune's action is the source of man's delight :  
In molecular forms, the offspring of affinity,  
In each section still, the mind perceives the self-same trinity :  
The chemic element the senses cannot recognize,  
'Tis too evanescent, subtile, limped, e'en with aided eyes ;  
And yet, when inter-change occurs, the mind's obliged to yield  
Consent to the proposition, 'The Triune's in every field.'

Man may divide and separate, but still the law's intact,  
Unchanged and unchangeable, the Universe is one compact:  
Each unit, quite dependent, to infinity belongs,—  
In the destiny of nature, it's filial life's prolonged  
Through unending time, in ever-changing combinations,—  
Ever obedient to repulse or pressing invitation:  
Quite real, yet intangible, subserving nature's plan,—  
A Triune like infinity, 'tis beyond the ken of man.  
We are conscious of their presence, for with mind's eye, we see  
Chemic interchange of atoms,—the rest is mystery.

Oh mystery thou blind abyss! abode of doubt and fear:  
Impenetrable misty cloud, devoid of light and cheer:  
With senses lost the mind is tossed on fancy's vacuum,  
Most insecure, with morning sure, illusions urge us on;  
While gaping wide on every side,—no limits high nor low,  
Devitalized, and paralyzed, inert, in statu quo;  
We stand, a plain example of cowering, ignorant man,  
With no line of demarcation between us and the insane.  
By data false, presumed, assumed, was reason led astray,  
False premises, false reason, always lead to mystery.

Oh man! slow thou art to learn, how moved by fear, and dread,  
And passion, which does the faculty of reason overspread  
With a leprosy of superstition:—a cringing elf:  
Thou thus become, dejected,—abhorrent even to thy-self:  
Crushed by remorse thy manhood, thy courage by doubt and fear:  
An automaton,—a helpless slave, without a guardian near,  
To lift thee up, and give support, direct thy mind on high,  
To nature's laws, the object lessons on earth and in the sky,—  
To educate and fortify thy intellect with hope,  
A menial low, from age to age, in darkness thou shalt grope.

Then look up to the heavens! behold the sun!—it's power!—  
How it turns the earth around fifteen degrees each hour!  
How it's electric force it's attraction counter-acts,  
So the earth while moving 'round it, cannot come in close contact!  
How Saturn turns her moons around while keeping them in place,  
While earth, more feeble, allows our moon present the self-same  
face!  
The world is thus an open, in which everyone may read:  
There's no mystery in nature every student must concede:  
Man in harmony with nature, both thus resplendent shine,  
In reciprocal relationship, most holy, most divine.

To know the laws of nature many souls through time have  
yearned;

By observation, and by reason, a great deal has been learned;  
Advanced theories, like magnets, have served to point the way,  
But with slight errors intermingled the bark was led astray;

Each part must be examined in relation to the whole,—

Even the little atom plays a most important role,—

It's intricate phenomena proves it is never dead,

Undying, vital interchange is in every movement read;

Invisible ions, you ever serve the common weal.--

With force removed, you surely prove you are substantial, real.

You're a fleeting phantom unit with force and mind combined  
In equilibrium quite stable, or of motion, all the time  
Adjusted and adjusting in the social realm grand;  
Your unselfish adaptation admiration does command.  
In the universe of force some eddies have been formed,  
Producing great magnetic globes, by which the world's adorned,  
Composed of sensile matter gross, on which we tread, Alas!  
With force sufficient reapplied they'd dissipate in gas,—  
Return to primordial matter,—blank and undefined,  
Like such as once existed before the planets measured time.



Of conditions prior to planets, man but vaguely can conceive;  
As attraction caused the planets, by exclusion we believe  
Intangible ions filled the great celestial sphere,  
And Nature's God, in majesty most certainly was here;  
With unlimited power, and wisdom, He put forth His plan,  
Which, in His allwise providence, prepared the world for man:  
Inconceivable ions became material globes,—  
Their inherent electric force,—the light with which they are robed,  
The force by which their motion is displayed in harmony,—  
Reciprocal companionship, universal amity.

Man I ask then what is matter? Philosophy will tell;  
The answer is not so easy, though we seem to know quite well:  
Organic, inorganic, solid, liquid, subtile gas,  
Animate, inanimate, nascent atom; these terms, alas!  
Express, tell nothing of its intrinsic nature, in fact:  
It and force inseparable ever form one compact.  
Electricity, the ratio of whose degree it seems,  
Creates the allotropic forms,—perchance through resistance  
gleams  
An arc-light,—or breaks through the insulating tube of crook,  
And illumines organic matter, so through our trunks we look.

Through its subtile nature equilibrium is maintained,  
It's the balance-wheel of gravity, the factor causing rain,  
The lightning flashing from the clouds, and all combustion  
Are forms of electricity radiated from the sun :  
All engines in their divers forms on it alone depend,—  
Likewise telephone, telegraphy, when messages we send :  
All life, and growth, and energy,—phenomena supplied,  
Of usefulness and beauty tints, which inaugurate our pride,  
Or horrify by making earth tremble, explode, and shake,  
Within the sunny tropics, abode of sudden storms and quakes.

The smoke from my cigar ascends in air in rings and curls;  
The heated air from summer's sun displays its force in whirls:  
The ribbon steel most surely feels the force in living wire,  
Else why respond in spiral band, by electric force inspired?  
The branches, buds on tree and plant, in whorls make their ascent;  
Their location shews enforcement of symmetrical intent:  
The parisitic creepers, also ivy and grape vine,  
Rise spirally encircling;—quite round the stronger trunk entwined:  
Spontaneous force: 'twixt units is in curves,—'tis never straight:  
Universal fellowship, obliging all reciprocate.

Cyclone, whirlpool, spiral growth, are expressions of one law,  
Which seemingly begets the most diverse phenomena,  
Depending on the motive power, its condition and degree,  
And the suddenness and medium in which it is set free;  
But ever always you will see the cycle, circle, curve,—  
See the rounding, spiral, twisting, which its origin will prove:  
Origin of the force which makes all cylinders and spheres  
Exemplified where 'er we look, repeated it appears  
In revolving planets, a spectacle most grand  
In the firmament of heaven guided by Infinite hand

The Infinite has repeated,—this lesson has impressed  
The round has His approval,—motion rotatory is blessed.  
The convex glass will magnify,—all distances will efface  
So through the arc of any circle, we measure quite through space.  
The sphere has many lessons on which man may meditate:  
Where Infinite touches finite, all its forms it regulates:  
The germ of every living thing is first seen to be round:  
There's no life but in which and where the Infinite abounds,—  
An anastomotic union 'twixt Infinity and man,  
To teach, to bless, each one caress, and make him understand.

This force which manifests itself, through matter crude and gross,  
Should be studied by all students irrespective of the cost,  
He who understands it possesses power above his kind,  
Invents new forms of industry at the appropriate time,  
Enlists it's aid to do the work of man in every clime;  
It's storehouse is in the earth and air to draw on all the time.  
The beneficence of God gave these His attributes to man,  
To exemplify His goodness, study, use, and understand:  
The glory and the study given matter, force and mind,  
Ascend to their author, nature's God,—eternal and divine.

One day 'twas suffocating hot, I scarce could catch my breath;  
The electric waves from dear old sol rained down upon the earth,  
And in passing through the atmosphere created heat and light,  
Licked up the moisture in it's path and mounted to it's height  
Of adaptation,—a living ion, transparent, clear,  
Unnoticed, unrecognized, saturating the atmosphere  
With force and water 'till super-saturation occurred;  
I suggested an electric storm,—my better-half demurred:  
When lo! from out the cloudless sky was seen a sudden flash  
Of lightning descend to earth, soon followed by the thunder's  
crash,  
And a small black cloud quite harmless-like, that grew with every  
stroke,  
Blacker, larger, and more menacing, until now the storm is broke



Upon us with the rushing winds, lightning's flash, and thunder's  
peal,

And paradoxical as it seems, large hailstones fall congealed:—

And now the lightnings cease, no hail-stones fall, but wind and  
rain

Make common cause,—a cloud-burst united to a hurricane,—

Looked a tornado on an angry lake,—sweeps down the street,

With planks, chairs, and debris dancing on its spray four feet  
deep:—

Tin roofs, whole blocks of sidewalk are flying in the air,

With small houses scattered to the wind my heart despairs,

And for supremacy my anxious soul with reason strives:  
My wife, my children, those dependent on me, are they alive?  
Oh the suspense of these moments! but, now the storm abates;  
Impelled by inward intense feeling, no longer can I wait;—  
Through streets bestrewn with wreckage, my devious way I sped  
Past a frame house of McLellan's, where I felt that some were  
    dead  
Or dying, but I halted not until within sight of home,  
Afraid to look, to know the truth, with misgivings over-come;  
I pondered in uncertainty,—then raised my eyes to see:—  
That my house the storm has weathered brings unbounded joy to  
    me;

Next my tried friends, and then the multitude demand my skill:—  
Every moment of the next six hours I worked with might and will  
Stitching, dressing wounds, setting fractured bones, relieving  
pain;  
With no thought of fees, the rich, the poor, are brothers all again.  
Three killed,—many injured,—the train from off the track was  
blown:—  
This certainly was the swiftest storm that ever I have known;  
When compared with other storms 'twas but an infant, pigmie,  
Exemplifying the ionized, primordial engima.

This storm has taught a lesson if we rightly understand:  
The electric force and water in accord with nature's plan,  
In measured union formed ions, that, ignoring gravity  
Rose transparent clear, in well-balanced potentiality,  
Dynamic; in primordial equilibrium they rest  
Until jarred, disturbed, like dynamite their force they manifest:  
Let go their electricity, while matter forms apace,  
Round bodies under gravity;—both descend to earth's surface:  
Demonstrating how orderly all laws have been arranged,  
And planets made and shaped and moved:—the law has never  
changed.

First the lightning flashed,—the cloud formed, and then the hail-  
stones fell;

Then the drop in temperature,—lightnings cease,—hail-stones  
cease as well;

Now the electric dynamo in wind does dissipate,

While water set free in torrents falls the earth to satiate;

There is no nook, no corner, but in which some force does lurk;

Who'll then tap those dynamic clouds? make them gently do our  
work?

Prevent their destructive force? make it obedient to man?

Subserving his needs, in useful deeds, while he triumphant stands

An instrument of Nature's God with intellect set free

Harmonized with Nature's Author, fulfilling his destiny.

The continental rivers have been lifted by the sun,  
And but represent a fragment of the work that has been done :  
Living ions from the ocean have risen in the air,  
Repelled by Sol, west, north, and east to be scattered every-where.  
When their living force forsakes them, the rivers there begin  
On some tree-clad, snow-cap't mountain-ridge; they take their  
origin  
In the clear cold trout-lakes distilled from ocean's brine,  
Spots of magic beauty, store-house of fluid treasure, destined  
Through gravity to fertilize and water in-land plains,  
Return their force to nature,—then back to ocean once again.

The force that lifts the Mississippi from it's ocean bed,  
And transports it o'er the Rockies to their eastern water-shed,  
Is measured like our heating-plants by the volume returned  
To ocean through gravity;—in liquid form it's course is run.  
Electricity? Gravitation? Two loving brothers  
Equalized and harmonized, how each assists the other!  
The pivot's on the mountain-ridge,—the arms on either side  
Reaching out o'er land and ocean, while evenly they ride  
In equilibrium:—the water, in it's descent while to ocean it  
returns,  
Generates the same electric force it first got from the sun.

Behold the great Niagara, how smoothly now she rides!  
In her descent under gravity, how serenely she glides  
Content within her channel wherever it may lead,  
Where the fall per mile increases, she inaugurates her speed;—  
Now as she nears the cataract all energies are bent,  
And strained around Goat Island rock where she makes her steep  
descent;—  
Ten rods or less, if I may guess, from ledge of rock she falls,—  
Curved down she pours with hollow roar;—in the gulch beneath  
she boils,



And sends up spray, both night and day, three hundred feet or  
more

Which is wafted wide, on either side, by breezes from the shore.

Cohesion in the watery sheet is seen to hold its own;—

By the time it reaches bottom, its the drops that strike the foam;—

Electric force, now generated, lifts the spray on high,

Where being dissipated lets it fall, like rain from out the sky:—

Beneath the falls and yet behind, the fury of the storm

Proclaims aloud, “By electric force the ‘cave of wind’s’ ” was  
born;

The phantom rainbow, fairy-like, is seen each time you look,  
Ever changing as you move about, like some unearthly spook:—  
One time it's straight beneath your eyes close to the river's shore,  
You change position, and look again, and find 'tis there no more.  
This rain-bow, lengthwise with the stream, is straight without a  
bow;  
In its scale of stripes of colors bright its sympathy bestows  
On "Union Jack" and "Stars and Stripes," as now it hangs  
between;—  
The unchanging flag of Nature's God, His banner where'er seen.

Now man's investigations have extended near and far;  
Through the lesson in the rain-bow he has scrutinized the stars,—  
Electric rays, from most distant ones, reach us through the dome;  
By analyses of their spectra, their elements are known.  
Suspended vapor, crimping flowers fill the world with glee,—  
Radiation becomes vibration, and the colors we see  
In the gamut of the rain-bow, or flowers in their bloom,  
Each represents a note of music which combined in a tune,  
Invites the bee and humming-bird, whose colors bright and drone  
Furnish ecstatic harmony, while the nectar is withdrawn.

Behold the rocky ridges lifting high above the plain  
In opposition to gravity! their presence true explains,  
And points to some internal force,—expanding breaks the crust  
In the line of least resistance; it must either break, or burst  
A volcano, for relief must be had at any cost:  
To force all things adjust themselves, but nothing's ever lost.  
Earthquakes may create a panic,—volcanoes may erupt:  
The force, within, and absorbed from sun, the crust has lifted up  
Above the ocean level, making continents for men;  
The law's not changed, nor changing now,—but continues without end.

Now man's investigations have extended near and far;  
Through the lesson in the rain-bow he has scrutinized the stars,—  
Electric rays, from most distant ones, reach us through the dome;  
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Take a fractured piece of granite,—examine with a glass  
That magnifies, and radiating striae are seen to pass  
Parallel,—the delusion makes you think you see the stove  
Radiating electricity; the markings truly prove:—  
This primitive rock unstratified was once away deep down  
In the earth's crust where, without earthquakes, it never could be  
found;  
The granular conformation, and the striae we see  
Prove when the crust solidified, it was hot, without a sea;  
The heat in mountain tunnels and in earth when we descend,  
Is proportioned to the pressure, and on gravity depends.

The pulsations and vibrations that reach us from the sun,  
Each successive spring, new life they bring,—inertia overcome:  
The sap ascends in tallest tree, new buds unfold in bloom,—  
They bend, they lean, to catch his gleam as he circles through  
the dome;  
And, he in turn forsakes them not: you'll find in every zone  
His term of service equalized,—with his cycle they're attuned:—  
Not plants alone, but animals,—the ant,—the bear,—the fly,—  
In apparent death, they cease their breath,—in hybernation lie  
Until his zenith influence awakens them to life,  
When they blink their eyes in deep surprise, then join the worldly  
strife.

By nature's laws, by destiny, all living things are doomed,  
Through heredity,—environment, to either die, or bloom  
In beauty adolescence strong, their offspring to create,—  
Through selection, fitness, virtue,—their species perpetuate;  
Wisdom, virtue, beauty, strength, will ever find a mate  
With charms sublime and soul divine to temper, regulate,  
Harmonize and balance up, coalesce and coinside  
In reciprocal companionship—(the bride-groom and the bride);  
This king and queen of noble mien, their progeny applaud:  
Through unending time, descends their line by laws of nature's  
God.

There's no element in nature reciprocally observed,  
But in serving duty's purpose, it must every other serve:  
The wind that waves the blooming wheat will fructify the grain,  
Unintentional the heads retreat then meet and kiss again;—  
From head to head the pollen's spread,—the wind has lent her  
aid,—  
Prolific seed has crossed her breed, and provision has been made  
For ample yield in every field:—each plant while life remains  
Devotes the strength of it's entire length to maturing of its  
grains;—  
This lesson plain has put to shame quite many parent men,  
Who, with conscience sore, can now no more their offspring see  
again.



For exigencies the God of Nature always provides:  
The grain of wheat's a tiny plant, with pabulum supplied  
In a store-house containing the elements required,  
With transportation furnished at the time it is desired;  
During the cold winter months in torpidity it lies,  
Until the sun's influence awakes and bids it rise  
And break it's sealed envelope;—a creature then is born  
Destined to life of usefulness,—the desert waste adorn;—  
Through sunlight, moisture, pabulum, it's formative power  
Perpetuates the life and likeness of its progenitors.

'Tis wonderful to contemplate how nature has arranged  
For the seedling, it's formative power, and each adaptive  
change;—  
Each plant is guaranteed her rights within her allotted sphere,  
With these the Central Benign Power does never interfere;  
The living protoplasmic cells are working night and day,  
Building the frame-work of the plant from pabulum stored away  
In quantity sufficient,—all the elements contained  
In the envelopes neatly folded,—the substance of the grain  
Dissolved, absorbed, assimilated in the root and stem,—  
Is the legacy of it's parents, it's life to build, sustain.

And now it's self-supporting, its organs well are schooled,—  
Its vigor, strife, for prolific life is measured by its stools:  
From six to eight new stems arise supported by one root,  
Each a plant of reproduction, though by origin a shoot;  
Each one, by metabolic force, within its stem will store  
A legacy of nutriment for its progeny a score  
Or more of embryo-seeds,—each in carpel snug secure  
Enveloped, fostered, nurtured well that their precious life endure;  
From fifty to four hundred fold this grain has multiplied  
In nature's sphere;—in contentful cheer, it lived, it loved, it died.

When the plant has reached its mature growth,—then and not till  
then

Its numerous flower-buds evolve on the top of the stem,  
And in blushing beauty unfold their bridal trosses bright  
Of delicate tints of color and aroma that delight  
The eye, diffuse an evanescent vestal chaste incense,  
Mysteriously, strongly emphasizing, the sacred sense  
In which wise nature holds the procreation of each kind,  
To be not abused, but simply used to propagate the line.  
The matrix now receives the pollen from the anther's head;  
The floral envelopes and stamens soon afterwards are dead.

The wheat-plant through its entire life complied with nature's laws;

Chemically and physically it is now and ever was

Man's staff of life, and ought to be his model and his guide;

Placed side by side, the contrast wide is greatly magnified.

Man's curiosity, passions, and emotions impel

Against, undermine, supplant, destroy his reason, which tells

Him "Curb the pride! depend not on thy daring strength! control

Thy inclinations for the body's sake if thou care not for thy soul!"

Undying shadow of thyself,—alive or dead reflects:

Alive to man,—when dead to God,—all of good and evil acts.

When a part has served its purpose,—androecium,—sepal,  
'Tis drop't, as froggy tadpole deliberately drops his tail;  
Not suddenly, but gradually, as his legs protrude  
The fish becomes amphibious,—takes on a different mood:  
“Nature carries no useless burden,” ever in her work  
The useless is discarded, from the essentials they are pluck't;  
Destiny o'er-comes environment;—cell,—then tadpole,—frog,—  
Modified to suit the medium till it hops upon the log.  
In the origin of species, let us ever bear in mind,  
The living proto-coccus evolves all the different kinds.

The germinal cell located in a mosquito-egg  
Floating on the surface water in a pond, a barrel, or keg,  
Develops larvae, which break the bottom of the shell,  
And submarinely, twenty days, this aquatic wriggler dwells;—  
Three days it is a chrysalid,—then breaks its shell once more;—  
The fish transformed into a gnat, through air then flies and soars  
In search of prey, both night and day, while tunelessly it sings  
Of transformations,—transmigrations, and still it plies its wings  
In quest of feast on man or beast,—it bleeds then with a zest;  
Ad interim, it inserts the germ of fever in its guest.

Examine now the butterfly which we all know quite well;  
Close trace it from its origin in its primordial cell,  
In the fertilized, ribbed ovum with pabulum supplied:  
By duplicate subdivision the larva evolves inside,  
Breaks the combination,—protrudes a living monstrous mass,—  
Looks but half completed yet,—does this crawling voraciousness  
If large, and had voracity proportioned to its size,  
It would all the other creatures on this planet terrorize;  
Sixteen legs transports its body, (twelve rings composed of skin)  
United to its head;—but you'd never guess what is within.



This creature's not an animal,—'tis but a mode of life,—  
Of evolution for the complete (too tender for the strife);  
'Twas born to eat,—to gormandize,—with little sense or tact;  
It fills its body so very full, the skin is forced to crack:  
Then it grows a larger skin that is made to crack once more,  
Thus the molting is repeated,—each coat larger than before;  
Repulsive beast,—four times at least of outer coat gets rid;  
Then, fast or burst, in deep disgust becomes a chrysalid,—  
Hangs by a thread, as if quite dead,—it hybernates perhaps,  
'Till sun and rain bring life again;—the imago's wing then flaps.

First cell,—then caterpillar,—pupa,—then the butterfly:  
The formative power these transformations ever does supply;  
The cell,—the caterpillar,—pupa, never procreate;  
That function's left for butterfly that has reached the highest  
state  
Of physical perfection, lofty flight, and brilliant hues;  
Beauty harmonized brings selection,—'tis the force by nature used  
In keeping up the standard midst deformity and vice,  
And inherited depravity in which destruction lies:  
Of legs the butterfly discarded all except three pair;  
On pinions four, she proudly soars through the sunlit, balmy air.

Who views the fishy tadpole would connect him with the frog  
Anxious watching o'er his progeny while sitting on the log?  
Who sees the wriggling wigler in the rain-barrel, ne'er at rest,  
Can see yellow fever and ague in the mosquito pest?  
Who sees the caterpillar drag his weary length along,  
Connects him with the species to which the butterfly belongs?  
Observation and analogy leads us up to man,  
Whose evolution from his source we will now quite briefly scan:—  
From cell,—through fish prenatal,—next the larval stage supplied;—  
Then the mortal coil is shifted, or, in other words 'he died'.

Unconscious embryonic life belongs to man and plants:  
Selection and assimilation supply their body wants:  
Unconscious organic function the lives of both sustain;—  
For their existence, and mode of life, we look to God again;  
Lacking intellect and will power, the plant obeys its God,  
While man's strong passions and emotions subject him to the rod;  
Through his sympathetic nerves his cerebral power's evolved,—  
Sustained,—to guide his waking moments,—his course through  
life to solve.

The nervous sympathetic, with formative power and mind  
Are a trinity and unity of origin divine.

Planets, plants, and animals are but matter force and mind  
In units, formed by formative power, each of a special kind;  
The transformations, transmigrations,—the changes we see  
Without destruction prove that these belong to Infinity.  
In every case, the formative power builds, transforms, sustains;  
'Tis the agent of Nature's God that arranges every change  
In harmonious adaptation,—each member with the whole,—  
Each transformation higher, nobler, approaching nature's goal:—  
Ever upward, onward;—pupa,—imago,—butterfly:  
Man transformed, with wings adorned;—his image, shadow, soars  
on high.

Nothing's ever seen to perish of matter, force, or mind:  
Disintegrate, disorganize,—you will ever always find  
New forces join the matter, when formative power is gone,—  
This entity of mind and force has flown to the All-wise One;  
Man did not make, he can't destroy,—the elements remain;—  
When he corresponds with nature's laws 'tis only then he gains;  
The organic essential,—the procreative power  
Of mind and force that drives the sympathetic, and patterns our  
Bodies by the image God gave us, cannot be destroyed:—  
Damned, or blessed, by acts impressed;—she's still the image un-  
alloyed.

All organic beings are built upon a special plan:—  
The foreman will guide the workmen while the architect will scan  
The structure as it's building,—the material being placed;  
The useless will be discarded and its markings quite effaced,—  
The worn out parts will be removed and essentials reproduced,—  
Transmigrations demand transformations in the organs used:—  
Externals differ widely, procreative power's the same,—  
The building during a former stage, the succeeding state pro-  
claims;—  
This rule has no exception;—man was made without his will  
To respond to all conditions and his destiny fulfil.

There's but one law, one only God who never contradicts,—  
Always discards the useless, but still retains man's appendix,—  
The balance-wheel between the larger bowel and the small;  
When the larger becomes blocked she sends in a sudden call  
To the central nervous system (misunderstood alas!)  
To stop the feeding, flush the colon, thus disengage the gas  
Which dilates the sphincter muscle of this little empty sack—  
Makes of it a diverticulum with hard concretions pack't:—  
“Chronic appendicitis,”—subject for the surgeon's knife:—  
“No time to lose,—no chance to choose,—operate, or lose your  
life.”



Or the surgeon's called to a case of sudden severe pain  
In the right iliac fossa which the patient can't explain;—  
“Some tenderness, no swelling,—normal temperature and pulse,—  
An acute appendicitis;—I am seeking for results,—  
My fee's one hundred dollars,—the appendix I'll remove  
At once,—forever you'll be cured, and have ample time to  
prove:—  
How useless this appendage,—how much wiser I than God:—  
Commercialism, advanced science describes the road I've trod.”  
This sentinel, this monitor, is now removed for good,—  
The ilio-cecal's left unguarded where the sentry stood.

Man's larva stage is first announced by strong pathetic squalls;—  
Conscious knowledge of his helplessness,—dependency, appalls,—  
Evokes maternal sympathy,—for him she will provide,—  
Most proud mother, happy parent, as he nestles by her side.  
His mind a blank, and body wants on her alone depend:  
She'll caress him, and she'll bless him, and defend him to the end.  
What a beauty, holy picture,—this mother and her child!  
Duty, sacrifice, devotion, nature's God has reconciled.  
In every sphere we see the means adapted to the end;  
On respondent man, faith, hope, and love, in unity descend.

The helpless babe, through prattling childhood, climbs from stage  
to stage

Through boyhood, adolescence, strong manhood, then declining  
age:—

A ball propelled along a plane at length will reach its goal,—

The stronger the force propelling it the farther will it roll:—

In the struggle for existence the fittest will survive:

Strong paternity, strong offspring, full of vital strength and life;

Constitutional depravity, inherited, acquired,

Is frowned upon by nature's God,—by him is ne'er desired.

“The righteous shall inherit,”—propagate from year to year;

The degenerate, the tainted ever perish, disappear.

Quite many diatheses to the parent can be traced,—  
Marked defects of mind and body that can never be effaced,—  
Bents of mind, inclinations, constitutional disease,—  
The vice and crime so intermingled, their hold can't be released;  
Degenerates of all degrees of body and of mind:—  
Sane intellects, and healthy bodies not always are combined;—  
Vice practiced by the parent, is visited on the child,—  
Transmitted through descendants,—their minds and bodies being  
defiled:  
Parental injustices—through heredity—defined  
Like comets in the heavens, leave quite a lengthy trail behind.

Such specimens are never fit to propagate the line,—  
In the struggle for existence they soon vanish out of time:  
With tainted bodies and weak minds, the craft's allowed to  
drift,—  
But the peril of the moment will oblige such ones to shift;—  
You'll find them on the frontier, and in the city slums:—  
Ignorance, vice and degradation are ever allied chums,—  
The hobo and the soiled dove comprise many of this class,—  
With no fix'd abode, they take the road, from clime to clime they  
pass.  
First the practice, then the habit necessity becomes,—  
Whiskey, morphine, cocaine, chloral, till the victim's overcome.

For health we thank our parents, and their memory we bless  
For the intuition, training, and the knowledge we possess:—  
We ought to know the evolution of creatures great and small,—  
Of the worlds existing within worlds, we ought to know them  
all:—

The fierce, the shy, to naked eye, are long ago subdued,  
'Till now we cope with microscope,—the small insidious brood  
Of living microbes, a specific form for each disease,—  
(Not always is man's danger confined to enemies he sees).  
The ignorance of bygone days brings sorrow to the breast  
For man's demise, while the All-wise was proclaiming what was  
best.

Man's sympathetic nervous system, acting night and day,  
Propels his entire machinery,—preserves it from decay;—  
'Tis an automatic battery having for its guide  
The hand of nature's God directing,—the shadow being supplied,—  
Loves parental shadow;—the love of nature's God sustains,  
Clothes it with a body, sensitive to pleasure or to pain,—  
Self-consciousness and reason with will power free to act,  
Through observation and experience, to acquire the tact  
To pilot the craft securely, by knowledge well applied,  
Steering clear of threatening dangers that menace every side.

Man's enemies, un-numbered, of many different kinds  
Attack his frame on every side, and through it reach his mind,  
The highest, noblest function and the last one to evolve,  
Is the first to be submerged when existence is involved:—  
Even though unconscious the sympathetic in its strife  
Keeps active every vital part perpetuating life;—  
The enemy being overcome, the mind shines out quite clear,—  
Resumes its role when urgent needs of body disappear:  
This overflow of energy,—active, vigorous, mind,  
Exercised in proper channels, was by nature's God destined.



Interdependence,—conservation of the public weal,—  
Reciprocal goodfellowship, is what nature's God reveals;  
And yet, where'er we cast our eyes, the parasite abounds,—  
Unconsciously we're loaded,—carry millions of them around.  
Immunity protects, otherwise we're ill at ease,—  
Their larva life corresponding with the length of our disease;  
Each poison generated with its symptoms manifest,—  
Thus, each pathogenic form can be distinguished from the rest;—  
By staining and the microscope these germs we now detect,—  
By disinfection, anti-toxin, our bodies we protect.

All things tangible, in nature, give forth electric force  
Indicating the direction and location of its source:—  
If we but improve our methods new worlds will be revealed,—  
Each advance, in each direction, will uncover unseen fields:—  
Thus the telescope brings planets, most distant, into view:  
The microscope has enabled man to scrutinize a few  
Of the myriads of microbes, whose cognomen quite shock us:—  
The spirilli, baccilli, micro-strepto-coccus,—  
Foul hasty things whose rendezvous is moisture, filth, and  
shade;—  
Against all organic, vital strength, and beauty they're arrayed.

Take now the gono-coccus, common germ of human vice,—  
Ever present, yet outside the body very quickly dies,—  
Be-gotten of impurity,—'tis used as nature's rod  
To flagellate transgressors who disrespect the law of God;  
Not once, in human history, has this blight been known to come  
To the house of virtue canopied,—the simple peasant home:—  
It's lesions, still extending, make a suffering barren life,—  
Supplant maternal joys and hopes in the trusting sinless wife;—  
Perhaps she lives, perhaps she dies,—the surgeon's knife decides:  
The case laid bare, now in truth declare, "is this race suicide!"

All nature's works are beautiful,—resplendently they shine  
In harmonious adaptation, picturesquely sublime:—  
To normal adult man, possessed of body health and sense,  
Nothing begets an ecstasy so pleasing and intense,  
As the graceful noble woman whose magnetic, modest mien  
Emanates a chaste aroma too angelic to be seen:—  
The influence, as she passes, bearing a strong contrast  
To her bold, seductive sister with enameled face of brass,  
Whose laughing, morning pleasure yields an eventide of moans,  
While the pure, as wife and mother, ornaments a happy home.

Man has a telephonic system, perfect in its plan,—  
With its intellectual central bureau, and outposts that stand  
Ever guarding as sentries,—ever ready to alarm  
The consulting acting bureau at the first approach of harm:—  
Besides all these his inward consciousness of right and wrong:—  
Ever indicates the proper group to which each act belongs:—  
His normal sense will guide him, if he listens to its voice,  
As the mind revolves the action, yet permits him make his  
choice:—  
The advocates, on either side, with arguments sustain,—  
While decision brings to nature's God much pleasure or much  
pain.

Man's most persistent enemy, destructive of the race,  
Is the syphilitic spirochete acquired in disgrace;—  
Once it obtains a foothold, it's protean forms unfold  
Putrid lesion after lesion, repulsive to behold;—  
The doctor's skill the germ can't kill, but symptoms mitigate,—  
In every cell the spiral dwells, and refuses to vacate,—  
It multiplies, and never dies,—deforms, and then destroys  
The man;—first we pity, then deplore, abhor, and then despise:—  
To moralize, "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,"  
In poetic form;—"That to be dreaded needs but to be seen."

VERSE 70

The demon germ infects the sperm,—the spermatozoa:—  
Thus evil spreads when virtue weds a wretched paranoia;—  
With physic pure, though nothing sure, taken through gestation,  
The doctor's care, this life may spare, by proper medication:—  
Still the evil influence descends through generations  
Blighting prospecting beauty, strength, and parents expectations.  
A statement in the Bible, possessing special merit,  
Says:—"The generation of the righteous, earth shall inherit."—  
Nature's laws forced Darwin at this conclusion to arrive:—  
"The virtuous, the just, the noble, the fittest will survive."

The gonorrhoeal patient has the germs of his disease  
Circulating in his system,—in his gonorrheal knees  
The doctor sure detects them;—when he visits such a case—  
Calls it rheumatism, simply, as he looks with honest face.  
The spirochete pallida is present in the lues,  
In the syphilodermatae, in all their protean hues:  
In all ulcers and lesions, in abundance they are found,  
Acquired or inherited; the spirochete abounds  
Alive and contagious. Now, dear reader, have you seen  
Syphilitiques, in any country, placed under quarantine?



Vile lesions! vile contortions! vile deformities of vice!  
The scleroses of the spinal chord benumb, and paralyze,  
And atrophy the muscles, and beget ataxia;  
While the brain diseased, by tumors squeezed, takes on dementia:—  
The body with all its faculties deteriorates,—  
Each succeeding generation visibly degenerates,—  
The stamp of God's displeasure-brand can never be effaced,—  
By heredity, through pedigree, extensions can be traced.  
Vice indulged, from within will bulge out in relief, and gleam:—  
Though disguised, 'twill emphasize its influence in every stream.

To know one's self and nature's God embodies all that's known,—  
To acquire such knowledge,—use it well, and make of it your own,  
Is the intent of the Allwise, all study goes to show:  
On the ignorant and the perverse are inflicted nature's blows;  
The punishment is meted to the branches that offend;—  
For the whole, a part is sacrificed to serve a just God's end;  
Life's stream but once polluted would destroy the entire race:—  
Man's necessity, strict virtue, he must foster, love, embrace;—  
Were it not but for the teachings of Christ of Bethlehem,  
All the gentile generations would have perished root and stem.

Vice practiced becomes habit thus necessity is born:— .  
With the object unattainable, the victim is forlorn,—  
A conscious smitten creature, with a cringing, suffering face  
Supplants the dignity of manhood, with self-respect and grace:—  
The involuntary craving he finds he can't control  
Though he crucify his body, and he'd sacrifice his soul  
For drug or drink,—of these he thinks, but not of wife or child;—  
Degenerate dipsomaniac, with passions running wild,—  
Sires degenerate offspring with vitality reduced:—  
Frail craft, with parental appetites and weakness reproduced.

Have compassion on the offspring who inherit traits of vice:  
Heritage and environment wont permit them make their choice:  
Vicious cravings, lessened self restraint, lead them into crime:  
While they're sane they're irresponsible and fall from time to  
time.

"Guilty, or not guilty," must be their pleading or defense:  
"Guilty, or not guilty!"—culprit plead not now inheritance:  
"Guilty, or not guilty!" The Mighty Eagle spreads his wings,  
And the tainted child now suffers for his wayward father's sins.  
"Honor father,—Honor mother,"—obey this just (!) command!  
Filial duty blesses parents, though the children they be damned.

The bodily and mentally inherited disease  
Will call for pity and compassion from every one who sees  
The afflicted condition, even though it leads to crime;  
We'll then punish not the drunkard but remove the sparkling  
    wine:  
And every fault, plain or occult, we will put to the test  
Of responsibility and then condemn; but, the rest,  
In charity, excuse,—o'er look;—"They know not what they  
    do:"—  
Their inherited deficiencies have driven them there-to.  
Inheritance, environment have made them what they are;—  
To a higher court refer their case,—from it we are debarred.

What's inherited traced backward is found to be acquired,  
And innocence is penalized by some wayward erring sire;  
Yea! even made to suffer by misguided fellow men,  
Who lash reflection for the culprit,—the radiance for the sun.  
Society's injustice, society must reform :—  
The mulatto and the half-breed are hybrids before they're born :—  
Unbearable injustice cries to heaven for redress,  
And punishment will be meted to the culprits who transgressed :—  
Nature's God illumines the entire universe with light,  
That grievances be rectified and injustices set right.

All phenomena in nature depend upon a cause:—  
If from data we trace backward in line with nature's laws.  
The conclusion inevitable,—demonstrated true,  
Though reluctantly established, brings the culprit into view;  
The vital force, united with the sympathetic chain,  
Builds the body and evolves the mind and both of these sustain  
In healthy condition, when permitted to have her sway,  
To evolve a beauty butterfly, inside that's stored away.  
Ignorance, passion, vice, deform the body and the soul  
With imprints, and the chrysalid now radiates the whole.

Let the function of the stomach or the liver for some time  
Be impaired by faulty food or drink,—unnatural regime,—  
He, courageous, cheerful happy, who formerly made good,  
Is seen first to falter,—then despair,—take on despondent mood;  
The toxins in his stomach make him think he's going to die,—  
The irregular sympathetic heart, and short and frequent sigh,—  
The sallow and anaemic face, drooped form,—uncertain tread,  
In medical nomenclature, when interpreted, is read :—  
Perverse organic craving forced the mind to yield consent,  
Deranged function, malnutrition then caused nervous discontent.



Man's appetites,—propensities,—inclinations depend  
Upon organic cravings, that through the sympathetic, send  
Telephone signals to the solar-plexus neath the heart—  
The automatic central station controlling all the parts;—  
The intricate connection 'twixt this center and the brain  
And the organic ganglionic stations, serves to explain:—  
How functional derangements are reflected through the mind,—  
How special senses affect organs through the connecting line,—  
How abuse, or disease, of any organ in the chain,  
Deranges all the others,—destroys the function of the brain.

Nature furnishes the infant babe an abundant supply  
Of adapted nutriment and a maternal watchful eye;—  
All needed members, talents, at needful times are produced,  
Adapted to environment,—when required to be used;  
By introspection we see nature's God working within,  
Through the living, guiding principle to Him so close akin,  
Instinctively admonishing the course we should pursue,  
Abetted and assisted by noble reason to subdue  
Every passion and temptation opposed to nature's plan;—  
The victory would to God revert were it not for traitor man.

The mind receives impressions from within and from without;—  
The latter through the senses,—the former by a round-about  
Double influence through the circulation and the nerves,—  
The criminal parts with conjoined mind receive what each deserves:—

Deranged function with disease and atrophy of the part,—  
Disease of mind from abnormal innervation of the heart;  
The disease and derangement are adjusted to the cause,  
Intensity and duration, in accord with nature's laws.  
A healthy mind and healthy body leave no room for doubt  
Of body discipline within and protection from without.

The procreative organs with the viscera and brain  
Mutually reciprocate while the life of each remains:  
Natural inclinations upon normal function depend,—  
The normal male is brave and gallant his sisters to defend;—  
To defend, to protect woman,—the children, or the home  
He'd face any and all dangers single-handed and alone;—  
While reason may proclaim the futility of the act,  
His manhood, courage, honor, will ne'er permit him to retract;—  
His distinguished noble bearing, inherent gift from God,  
Show that normal life in peace or strife all worthy men applaud.

Normal men and normal women are few and far between,—  
The imagined ideal standard is very seldom seen;—  
Of every ten examined in at least nine you will find  
Deficiencies of body, and eccentricities of mind;  
The God of all perfection, with perfection for His rule,  
Is not responsible for cripples and he never made a fool,  
And yet, the body politic is burdened with a load  
Of taxation legislative, and a statutory code  
Providing for the destitute,—the criminal,—the insane,—  
The diseased,—and degenerate;—types of all of which remain.

You may weed out the mustard, and the french-weed you'll remove:—

Each time you repeat the weeding the appearance will improve;  
Yet much deeper than the surface the evil germs are found,  
And will manifest their presence every time you plough the ground;—

The smut of destitution,—the criminal rust that blights  
The stem,—the spur insane that blurs the grain is a woeful sight;—

Increased in size, and ergotized,—intrinsically it's changed,  
And it's properties and qualities are now all re-arranged:—  
It's a unit heterogeneous lacking harmony,  
In appearance, psychic, physic,—a perverse monstrosity.

What causes abnormality? It's origin,—it's source,—  
It's nature,—it's extensions,—increased malignancy and course  
Ought to be studied and classified for prevention or for cure;  
Let reflection aid selection standard normals to secure:—  
Observation,—meditation, attribute to the sire  
Both classes of abnormals,—by inheritance and acquired;—  
Disease and degeneracy is found to be the cause,—  
Found descending through the offspring in accord with nature's  
    laws;  
All acts, and all diseases mark the body and the mind,—  
Become integral,—are transmitted,—descending down the line.

To the eye of nature's God, no doubt, all things perfect seem:—  
To the view of the Infinity,—harmony reigns supreme;  
But man, where'er he looks, can see naught but destructive  
change,—  
The old destroyed, the new employed in reciprocal exchange.  
In the orchard of humanity every tree is pruned,—  
The diseased and withered branches and infected ones consumed;—  
There's violence done to nature:—sorrow, grief, and hate,  
Not reason, but emotion attends misfortune's evil fate:—  
Nor faith, nor hope, nor love, nor joy, the shortened lot of man,—  
Only science joined with virtue, is in line with Nature's plan.



Most worthy is the noble stock that's free from germs of vice:—  
What has pleased nature's God on earth will please also, when  
man dies;

This be the true communion 'twixt the living and the dead,  
The chain has ne'er been broken though through all times and  
nations spread:

The presence of the sons ever bring glory to the sires  
By nature's God selected;—the pruning and the pyre  
Applies to the unworthy, rich or poor, 'tis all the same,—  
Direlection brings extinction to the members and the name.  
Then learn to hate what God abates "degeneracy,—vice"  
Faith, hope, and love, sweet virtue's doves, must adorn your  
earthly choice.

The moral and religious sense,—the sense of sexual love  
Selecting it's affinity,—reason in the brain above  
Controlling the emotions,—all at puberty evolved,  
Make a critical complexity whose course is hard to solve;  
At best a frail, weak creature, weaker now than later on,—  
No experience yet has offered that can be drawn upon:—  
Behind, below, on either side the gulch is open wide:—  
Destruction smiles in sweetest style, and beckons man aside  
From virtue's path, the narrow swath, that's leading straight  
    ahead  
To sanity and manhood by nature's inner conscious led.

Should passion over-come him : should his youthful nature yield,  
By privacy, he still will hope his immoral acts to shield  
From the knowledge of the public,—a vain and futile hope:—  
(Deceit and dissimulation never can with science cope.)  
The complacent open countenance,—open as a book,—  
Takes a deceitful, conscience-smitten, unworthy, down-cast  
look:—  
Apart from all his playmates, despondently he broods  
O'er lost manhood, courage, gallantry, in selfish, sullen mood ;  
Weak-kneed, weak-back'd, eccentric, and religiously inclined,—  
He's a solitaire,—a recluse,—from conjugal bliss enjoined.

Suppose by special effort he's rescued, reformed, and saved,—  
Through adolescence and manhood he has properly behaved;  
Quite many of the marks of vice, through time, are seen to fade  
Just like crater-lakes with derbis on their bottoms overlaid;—  
Through time the lakes will disappear,—the surface produce  
grain,  
But, deduction proves their presence,—the stigmata still remain  
Forgotten,—now unconsciously, they suddenly explode,—  
The irascible selfish nature, egotistic, peevish mode,  
Clothed in apparent virtue, belches, sputters, seethes, and foams,  
While weakened manhood,—female hatred, is tinted in the fumes.

Through the sympathetic nerves, nature's God evolves the mind,  
Supplied with talents and well balanced,—most pleasingly it  
shines,

Shedding radiance and harmony within it's social sphere,  
The insignia exemplifying God's domain here:

Nature's forces, untrammelled and allowed to have their sway,  
Neutralize the acrimonious, smooth and undulate the way;

Man, foolishly ignoring any organ's proper use  
To satisfy some inward craving, subjects it to abuse,

Destroys the equilibrium, by failing to restrain

His passions :—first becomes eccentric, then finally insane.

He who persecutes a woman is of his manhood shorn,  
And from every corner should have the finger-point of scorn  
Directed in derision, every time he shows his face,  
Until he himself is cognizant of personal disgrace:  
Men like atoms receive markings while on earth they remain;  
Then let no consideration shield eccentric or insane:  
'Tis said that God, occasionally, marks persons for his own;  
Undoubtedly there are people who would like their marks disown,  
But the imprints stay with them,—nature's God has but one rule:  
Some are marked noble,—some eccentric,—some lunatics, or fools.

Be not misled by relatives who feel some sense of shame,  
Nor by physician's sophistries, trying shield some friend's good  
name;  
But always "call a hoe, a hoe; and dub a spade, a spade:"  
By inheritance, and actions every man's condition's made;—  
The procreative organs, through the sympathetic chain,  
Affect the mind by controlling circulation in the brain;  
Let not modesty lead us into lies, and false excuse,—  
It is nervous exhaustion from irritation or abuse,—  
Abnormal function from disease or injury sustained,  
Unremedied, with constant suffering, reflected to the brain.

The period of transition from boyhood to the man  
Requires the closest scrutiny, that all acts and looks be scanned,  
That evil practices and habits may not gain a hold ;  
The pains now taken will through time repay a thousand fold.  
Experience, has proven and all wisdom will attest,—  
Eternal vigilance observed is rewarded with success ;  
Place industry over idleness, and virtue over vice,—  
Compound a trinity with science,—the God of nature's voice ;  
Clothe all thoughts and acts with charity,—faith and hope re-  
spond :—  
These together form a union even greater than was planned.



While all abhor the older males whose acts have scandalized  
The younger—the more susceptible, and while all men despise  
Acts unnatural,—destructive of both body and mind,  
The God of wisdom, love, and justice, permits them live their  
time;  
Still 'tis seen He ne'er permits them their species procreate,—  
There unworthy and repulsive looks condemn them to their  
fate:—  
By females spurned, by companions shunned—ostracised, alone,—  
Their sin so great against God and state, they never can atone;  
The image which God gave them they've branded as insane:—  
Its hallucinations emanating, does their secret vice proclaim.

On ignorance and negligence, how long wilt thou endure!  
Sanitation brings protection, operation implies cure;—  
Yet those mentally deranged are in an asylum placed,—  
The announcement made—by worry or religion they were crazed.  
Why falsely diagnose the case? If diagnosed why lie  
And continue to search the brain for pathologic foci?  
Better go back to Egypt, to old Egypt on the Nile,  
And, like the Jews by Moses taught, once more circumcise the  
child:—  
Circumcise the younger males, the aberrant ones castrate;—  
As a eunuch is much better than a raving maniac.

Do all things in charity! copy after God above,  
Who makes all transformations through his inherent sense of  
love!

The tadpole, caterpillar, gnat, all undergo a change,—  
Are transformed to suit environment,—their organs rearranged;  
Re-construct the injured useful,—lop off the useless part;  
These are the lessons beneficial which nature's God imparts,  
Exemplifies, impresses continually on man,—  
Never idle always doing, ever working by a plan;—  
Cause to effect,—effect from cause,—this true relation stands:—  
Evil habits, wrong environment-disordered mind of man.

Another class afflicted calls for sympathy and aid;  
Not by habits nor environment is their condition made,  
Nor by transgressing nature's laws (their lives are noble, true),  
But performing nature's duty, their own species to renew,  
And in their loving sacrifice, their blasted hopes arise  
In the injuries of childbirth their own destruction lies:  
Injuries of organs upon which womanhood depends:  
Lacerations, ununited, irritating the nerve ends  
From the sacral plexus of the sympathetic chain,  
Affecting every vital organ,—extending to the brain.

Every organ suffers, sympathizing with the other,  
But the members of the system, more closely bound together  
Fail in their normal functions, which first lesson, soon will cease,  
And normal tissues be supplanted by malignant disease;  
It may be cancer uteri, or cancer of the breast,  
Or both, as age advances, of which the victim is possessed;  
Quite anxious now and suffering, she vainly seeks a cure,  
But the x-ray, or the surgeon's knife is neither of them sure.  
What fools we are! We sleep content, the club raised o'er our  
head,  
Until our case is hopeless, and we are just as good as dead.

Nature ne'er made man to suffer, his sins are all his own ;  
For what he is or might have been, he must blame himself alone ;  
Not tyrant-like, He leaves us all to prophetize ahead,  
To expect, and what, and how, and when, intelligently read  
By inference from previous signs,—not serfs, we're ever free  
With virtue built on science,—reason guiding us to see  
How noble is our lot on earth,—from sickness quite immune ;  
Thro' larva stage, we age and fade into shell or dry cocoon,  
From which will burst the butterfly, with brilliancy of plume :  
For, transformation makes migration, man's destiny or doom.

In some the laceration is extensive,—so immense,  
That the victim ere three days elapse, devoid of common sense,  
Impelled to kill her darling child, her husband, or herself,  
Appears possessed of demon,—some evil, fairy sprite, or elf;  
Or, perhaps, some months after, she takes on melancholia;  
In either case, the disease is called puerperal mania;  
In some no symptoms manifest, until, in life's decline  
Suspicious aberration is manifested in the mind;  
In by-gone days, and even now, some doctors make the claim,  
Such pathologic foci are all located in the brain.

Of all the scenes appalling to the noble human heart:  
Scenes so full of pity, pathos, as to cause the tears to start:  
Scenes of death, of mutilation, of unbearable pain  
In no way compare with that in which the mother falls insane;  
Poor creature suffers agony beyond human belief,—  
Her inherent modesty forbids seeking aid or relief,—  
Finally the God of nature removes all sense of pain;—  
Why should the guiltless suffer? If suffering why should they  
retain  
The sense of feeling, or feel for husband or for child?  
Thus with charity and justice Nature's laws are reconciled.



One such ! I knew her as a child,—I knew in maidenhood,—  
Nor have I known a character more noble, pure and good ;  
But, ever since her first-born her bright eyes began to fade,—  
By silence and forced manner were her husband's fears allayed ;  
Still failing strength, emaciation, cough, and lumber-pain,  
Stooped posture, palpitating heart, which all treatment failed  
    restrain,  
Neuralgias, her glossy eyes, and anxious-looking face,  
Whining voice, apparent brooding, lessened self-control and  
    grace,  
With changing moods, the approaching break-down indicates ;—  
Prolonged suffering o'er comes reason which must now soon ab-  
    diccate.

She's now at times suspicious, and again has flighty spells:  
Her sleepless nights and anxious days on her constitution tells:  
Her female charms forsake her,—loves not husband nor her  
child:

With false perceptions and delusions her mind is running wild;—  
She's examined for insanity,—it's form and degree,  
By men who know but little of it's cause or pathology;—  
They see her mind abberrent, are content to draw their fees,  
(Through appointment or election their position's one of ease)  
Neither cure nor prevention do they ever contemplate—  
Of mercenary motives,—content to blindly serve the state.

She's now in the asylum placed, and in it she'll abide,—  
Neurologists, not gynaeceologists o'er it will preside;—  
They theorize and wrack their brains to find some nerve cell  
Diseased, or functionally deranged which will her story tell;  
The vagueness of miasma;—shooting quinine in the dark;—  
Malaria, or bad gases, o'ercome with Jesuit bark,  
Had much more to commend them (were accredited with cure),  
Then this theory advocated,—so opaque and so obscure;—  
Procreative organs injured:—phenomena in the brain:  
To treat the cause or it's resultant,—which act would you call  
sane?

The parasite, the hematozoon at home in human blood,  
Is poisoned by the Jesuit-bark;—it killed him where he stood  
Devouring red-blood globules inside the body of the man;  
How reasonable this treatment! how easy to understand!  
The cause now found,—discovered,—now at once proceed to  
work,—  
Don't leave all for nature's God! don't your incumbent duty  
shirk!  
Restore all parts to symmentry, so the united whole  
Reciprocal relationship, reflected through the soul,  
Perfect sanity displays in harmony with the world;—  
Right and truth prevails and conquers,—let her banner ne'er be  
furled.

To all lacerations the proper remedy apply,—  
Perineal lacerations,—lacerations uteri;  
If recent lacerations at a reasonable time  
Receive gynaecologic treatment it will preserve the mind,  
Prevent degeneration, and preserve all feminine  
Qualifications essential to the family combine,  
Remove the factor of divorce in nine cases out of ten,  
Restore nature's affinity by which the women hold the men;—  
Attraction or affinity, just call it what you will,  
That bound two in one, preserved, retained, is sure to bind them  
still.

When a woman's not a woman, she's not beloved by man :—  
When nature's bond is fractured—the matrimonial cannot  
stand ;—  
Then remedy the injuries, and every cause remove ;  
Being intelligent citizens, it certainly behooves  
Us give attention to the causes, before we condemn,—  
Or engage to grant divorces to the women or the men,—  
Universal ignorance of these conditions exist,—  
Through ignorance and false modesty, they're present and per-  
sist ;—  
Given natural conditions and nature's laws observed,  
Of divorce or insanity nothing would be ever heard.

The bishops and the clergy try to regulate divorce,  
And the judges on the benches try to have the laws enforced,—  
The scientific doctor invariably lies low,  
Yet, he's the man responsible because supposed to know;  
The others simply do not know, they're only filled with zeal:—  
If they knew as many doctors know, and still felt as they feel,  
They'd encourage operations to free us from divorce,  
And the disgrace of insanity, both of which have their source  
In physical and mental deviations in the plane  
Of organic function, and the nervous sympathetic chain.

The injuries and sequelae are quite closely allied:—  
First laceration and eversion of cervix-uteri,—  
Irritation with displacement and functions deranged,  
With mental and body suffering and the disposition changed:—  
Endometritis, ovaritis, unremitting pain,—  
Pathetically the victim of her suffering now complains,  
Cystic degeneration, change of character and mind,—  
Sometimes she's whining, sometimes brooding, and she's flighty  
at times;  
The sympathetic nerves can now no longer bear the strain,—  
Loss of sleep,—then melancholia,—she's now pronounced insane.



Cause to effect,—effect from cause;—this the unbroken chain:—  
Nothing stable,—always changing,—but the law alone remains;—  
The sequelae of today will tomorrow's cause become;—  
The light of nature crowns her students with part of her  
wisdom,—  
Instills in them philanthropy,—endows their hand with skill;  
They are chosen by nature's God in their line to do his will,—  
Discover data, which are facts, build theories on these,  
Put conclusions into practice that the ills of man may cease.  
The chosen noble, pleasure find in making sacrifice,  
While selfish minds can no pity find for helpless orphans cries.

Thus it was with Dr. Emmet,—of noble blood derived,—  
(Cousin to Robert Emmet, who for his country sacrificed  
His life that she might live)—who gave to woman thought and  
time;—

Then let woman write his epitaph:—women of every clime  
Build detention hospitals for operative relief  
Permit common sense and duty supplant sympathy and grief,  
Obtain by legislation, for her sisters in distress,  
Remedies for injustices which should quickly be redressed,  
Have the treatment,—laws of state, with nature harmonize:—  
Each asylum be an Emmet's Home,—an Emmet supervise.

Oh woman in thy full maturity how grand you seem  
To every manly sense! every manly heart has crowned you  
queen—  
The goddess of his destiny; your image night and day  
Spurs him, makes him overcome all objects that beset the way;  
Through him the world you rule;—your look, your manner, touch  
or smile  
His guiding star, his recompense; commending his course, the  
while  
He labors unselfishly your opinion to possess,—  
The cadences of your voice tumultuously his heart compress:—  
To your every tone, his fibres in symphony attuned  
Give sweet response,—with magnetic thrills your every note  
perfumed.

This your power, uninjured woman,—virtue's most sacred gift,  
To be used not for selfish ends, but humanity uplift;  
With organic function normal and virtue's laws observed  
Man has no desire but serve you, and you none but to be served;  
This,—the bond of nature's union,—the matrimonial tie  
In reciprocal communion will exist until both die;—  
Let the cycle once be broken by injury or vice,  
Harsh words will soon be spoken and warmest love soon turned  
to ice;  
'Tis Nature's God brings two together,—two combined in one,  
Keep the circuit then unbroken,—let the current still flow on.

Through nature's unbroken channel permit the current flow—  
The saving vital current which God on everything bestows:  
Every figure, form, and entity formed in nature's sphere  
Possesses intrinsic properties;—examined these appear  
Co-existant,—contemporaneous, inherent;—'tis strange  
Transpose figure, form, or entity,—its properties are changed:  
From a point draw two divergent lines,—now the ends connect:  
The first two sides and contained angle you will yourself select,—  
The third side and adjacent angles you cannot control,—  
Nature's God is seen to dominate and harmonize the whole.

Man himself can complete nothing except by nature's rule  
Nature's God is seen in all His works,—the world is one big school  
To educate man's faculties,—this his proper sphere,  
By close observation, exercise his talents while he's here:—  
The talents, desire to use them,—the objects to attract,—  
With energy furnished gratis,—aids and guides to every act;  
Thus all talents are developed if man but correspond:—  
Trained reason in the highest sense,—reason that can see beyond  
Finite force and matter,—the great Infinity infer—  
Not through imagination but seeing everything concur.

Who believes all things came by chance,—who sees no standard,—  
rule,—

No Infinity in nature, is undoubtedly a fool.

The thoughtful, educated, see him every where they look:—

Place them where you will they're happy contemplating nature's  
book;—

To simply hear, and feel, and see, but not revolve, digest

Is never intellectual, but an automaton at best;

Who applies himself assiduously to phenomena,

Will receive the inspiration to expound all Nature's laws

By wisdom born of reason,—the data all supplied

Through scientific aids,—nature's uniformity the guide.

There are certain fields adapted for man to exercise  
Observation and comparison and other faculties:—  
First there's finite force and matter, distinct yet still conjoined;—  
We ever find them present controlled by universal mind:—  
Mind distinct from force and matter our senses cannot reach,  
In nature they're united that through our senses they may teach  
The local harmony, complementary to the whole:—  
It's grandeur still extending,—still magnifying in our soul  
Until Infinity is reached,—nay we cannot conceive:—  
Admiration, awe, and love compel us worship and believe.



Apply reason to the finite—the Infinite adore:  
All larvae creep on solids before they fly or soar;  
Precociousness, or nature, this desire it seems supplies,—  
The larva's aspirations are consummated when it flies;  
In all man's calculations, he on matter must depend,—  
The point's position's on the concrete,—on concrete it must end;  
The accidents of matter and their properties we see,  
How etherial, it matters not the quality may be  
If it has position,—some accident to link the chain,—  
Mind penetrates the mystery,—analyzing makes it plain.

Observation and analysis every mystery solve,—  
The present from the passing form is undoubtedly evolved:  
The prim-ordial misnomer examined by the light,  
Like clouds before the morning sun, is seen dissipate from sight:  
So likewise would all planets with sufficient force supplied,—  
The forces, now used in motion, if atomically applied  
Would dissipate all matter in intangible ions,  
All saturated and united in equilibrium;—  
Static equilibrium or motion in harmony:—  
Neither before nor during planets can we find mystery.

The past, the present, and the future, form one endless chain;—  
Through unconscious transformations our identity remains,—  
The adapted essential for the sphere in which we're placed  
Is indelibly embellished or disfigured in each case;—  
Our prenatal life,—our larvae state,—likewise the world to  
come,—  
Each demands some special requisites,—God's work is never  
done;  
While affinity predominates, harmony prevails;  
Through one sphere we reach another,—each man's worth becomes  
his sails,—  
Pilots him like a magnet, guiding to the place designed:—  
Just, right, requires,—all power conspires,—directs,—our place  
assigns.

The egg contained the elements from which the chick evolved:—  
The celestial sphere—the ions,—now the planets that revolve;—  
In either case the mind perceives the changes that are wrought  
Unseen;—behind the screen the Immaterial Agent's sought;—  
We wade out on the matter 'till the mental eye perceives  
The Spirit Life—the Agent, which by inference we believe  
And know exists as true as if we saw it with our eyes,—  
By analogy we know that nothing perishes or dies;—  
'Tis matter transformation with transmigration of the soul  
Never stopping, always moving, till we reach our destined goal.

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